

*The Historie*

*Prin.* I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

*Fals.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prin.* So, two more already.

*Fals.* Their points being broken.

*Poin.* Downe fell his hofe.

*Fals.* Began to giue me ground: but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, & with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

*Fals.* But as the deuill would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at me, for it was so darke, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lyes are like the father that begets the, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horsefion obscene greasie tallow-catch.

*Fals.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad: is not the trueth the trueth?

*Prin.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendall greene, whē it was so darke thou could'st not see thy hand? come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Poin.* Come your reason, Iacke, your reason.

*Fals.* What, vpon compulsion? Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the worlde, I would not tel you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentie as blacke-berries, I would giue no man a reason vpon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* He be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bedpreffer, this horse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elskine, you dried neatstoung you bulspizzel, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter, what is like thee? you tailers yard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing ruck.

*Prin.* Wel, breathe a while, and then to it againe, & when thou hast tired thy selfe in base cōparisons, heare me speake but this.

*Poyner.* Marke, Iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, & bound them, and were masters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a

*of Henry the fourth.*

worde, outface't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can shew it you here in the house: and Falstaffe, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quicke dexteritie, & roard for mercy, and stil run and roare, as euer I heard Bul-calf. What a slaue art thou to hacke thy sword as thou hast done? & then say it was in fight. What tricke? what deuce? what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant shame?

*Poin.* Come, let's heare. Iacke, what tricke hast thou now?

*Fals.* By the Lord, I knew yee as well as hee that made yee. Why, heare you, my masters, was it for me, to kill the heire apparant? should I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knowest, I am as valiant, as Hercules: but, beware instinct, the lyon will not touch the true Prince, instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I shall thinke the better of my selfe, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lyon, and thou, for a true Prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hostesse, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you. What, shall we bee merrie, shall we haue a play extempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fa.* A, no more of that, Hal, & thou louest me. *Enter hostesse.*

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the Prince!

*Prin.* How now, my lady the hostesse, what saist thou to me?

*Ho.* Marry, my L. there is a noble-man of the court, at doore, would speake with you: he sayes, he comes from your Father.

*Prin.* Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and send him backe againe to my mother.

*Fal.* What maner of man is he?

*Ho.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth grautie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his answer?

*Prin.* Prethee do, Iacke. *Fal.* Faith, and ile send him packing.

*Exit.*

*Prin.* Now firs, birlady you fought faire, so did you Peto, so did you Bardol, you are lions to, you ran away vpon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no fier.

*Bar.* Faith, I ran, when I saw others runne.

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*Prin.*

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